### CAUGHT WITH A KODAK.

WALTER WELLMAN GOES A-GUNNING FOR SNAP SHOT PICTURES.

Sir Julian Pauncefote and His Girls. resentative Vaux, Senator Payne and a kodak is no respecter of persons, and in Jug of Whisky Among His Victims.

[Special Correspondence.]

Washington, Jan. 22,-I bought a hodak last week, and, like any other boy with a new toy, started out bright and early to see what I could do with it. On my way down Connecticut avenue I passed Sir Julian Pauncefote and a pair of his pretty daughters out for their morning walk. The Pauncefote girls are great pedestrians, and they wear big, thick soled, broad beeled shoes. Sir Julian is one of the nicest men that ever represented a foreign government at this capital.

Just to show you how accommodating he is-and he an aristocratic Englishman too-I will mention an incident of which I have personal knowledge. Call-



in England, I found him unable to accommodate me because of lack of familiarity with the subsin sullan and me nature ject. "But I'll tell you what I'll

So." said Sir Julian: "I have some friends in England who know all about this matter, and I'll write three or four of them for information." And, sure enough, Sir Julian did as he promised, and the responses to his letters, just received, are very full and satisfactory. It is not often one finds a minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary so obliging to bumble folks like me.

In Lafavette square I caught a glimpse of Mr. Blaine, walking along with his head down, evidently in a brown study, and with his derby hat pulled pretty well down over his eyes. This is one of Mr. Blaine's little peculiarities, and it matters not what sort of a hat he is wearing either. With a derby the effeet is not so striking, but a high hat does not look well when tilted so far forward, even on such a fine white head as Mr. Blaine's. Have you ever noticed that the thoughtful, sedentary man is prone to shield his eyes with the brim of his but, while the man of animal spirits and great bodily vigor tilts his hat far back on his head in very love of light

A good example of the latter class I saw a few minutes after passing Mr. Blaine, It was Speaker Reed starting on his daily walk

to the Capitol, swinging along in his usual fashion, the rim of his derby almost touching the back of his thick neck. But un-

fortunately my hodak failed to MR MAINE AND HIS BAT. work when I pressed its button on the speaker. Odd, though, wasn't it? that the first three men of note I met that morning should be Panncefote, Blaine and Reed-the two first mentioned combatants in a diplomatic contest which is attracting the attention of the whole orld, and the two last mentioned polit Ical enemies whose contention is likely to have almost as much influence on parties as the famous quarrel between Blaine and Conkling.

The next day was marked by rain and flurries of snow; but I could not leave the kodak at home, and I am glad I took it along. On E street, in front of a second hand book store, I caught Senator Ingalls in one of his characteristic poses, an old book in his hand, umbrella over his head, unconscious of wet or weather. Senator Ingalls is a chronic haunter of second hand book stores. It matters little how much of a hurry he is in, it seems to be as difficult for him to pass a book stall as it is for the confirmed toper to walk by the door of a

One recent day Mr. Ingalls was expected at the Capitol at 10:30 a. m. A committee meeting had been called, and without the pres-



nothing could be done, for there was no quorum. The other senstors waited till half-past II and then dispersed. After midday SENATOR INGALLS' BULING Mr. Ingalls

reached the Cap-Itol, and went from one to the other of the disappointed senators explaining; "Sorry to have kept you waiting, very sorry; but you know my weakness. "Second hand books again?" "Yes; and I have picked up such a fine old edition of the Shakespeare tragedies. Paid \$11 for it, and a bargain at that."

On the avenue my kodak and I caught a queer figure. It was old Mr. Vauxthe successor of Randall in the housein an ancient swallow tail, without over cont or umbrella, and with patent leather pumps on his feet, pacing toward the Capitol in a wet snow storm. Mr. Vaux

tent leather low shoes, no matter what the weath-1 er, and he never wears an over coat, never carries an umbrella. The quaint old

man usually wears a Prince MR VAUX IN A SNOW STORM Albert coat, all buttoned down before, save two buttons near the top, where a wide opening displays a decorated waist-

coat and frilled shirt front. An avenue street car was crowded with statesmen going to the Capitol for their daily pretense of labor. A majority of them were clad in heavy costs, and had their necks carefully muffled with huge scarfs. "What is the matter?" I asked one. "Well, you see," replied he, "we all have the campaign sore throat, and have to be mighty careful." "And what is the campaign sore throat?" "Why, a tickling, dryish sensation in the throat all the time, so that it is difficult to speak aloud, and which makes the organs very sensitive change.

to colds and changes in the weather. It is the result of speaking so much in the open air during the last campaign. About half the members of the house have been suffering from it, and many of us are not over it yet." And yet there does not appear to be any diminution of the quantity of congressional eloquence on account of the appearance of this new disease.

At the Capitol the industrious little kodak found many scenes meat and fit for its devouring, but the most of these Secretary Blaine, Senator Ingalls, Rep- shall be saved for a future letter. The

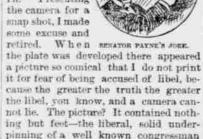


CAMPAIGN SORE THROAT. STRUMENT WAS MY. Payne, the oldest senator, playing one of his jokes on Senator Sanders, of Montana. Senate Sanders is the only statesman we have who wears a watch chain six or eight feet long, running from the bottom of his waistcoat two or

three times around his neck. Mr. Sanders' chain is very long and very heavy, and some of his brother senators have a boyish way of playing with it when its owner sits down beside them for a chat. Senator Payne, notwithstanding his advanced years, is addicted to quiet, good natured pranks, and on the gold chain and drew it so tightly about the neck of the Montana statesman that the latter was in imminent danger of choking. His necktie was sadly disarranged, too, and his head pulled over backward in a comically helpless manner. After the prankish octogenarian had amused himself to his heart's content he let go the noose and quickly hid himself behind a cloak room door, while the other senators enjoyed a good laugh at Sanders' expense.

Perhaps it was not quite fair, but I turned my kodak loose in some of the committee rooms of the house and senate-those semi-private apartments in which statesmen do pretty much as they

please, Knocking at the door of one room in the house end of the Capi-tol, I was bid a hearty "come in." Presenting snap shot, I made some excuse and



mittee, who sat with his pedal extremities upon the committee room table. In another committee room, this time in the senate wing, I was able to satisfy

from Kansas, the chairman of the com-



my curiosity con cerning the uses of the elegant pair of blankets, soft and rich. which I had seen lying nicely folded on the lounge in every committee room. One

USE OF THE BLANCETS. was lying there, indulging in an afternoon nap, with the blankets which thoughtful Uncle Sam had purchased for his comfort keeping off the draughts and chills. How much these blankets cost per pair I do not know, but when I get money enough I'm going to find out. In still another committee room my faithful kodak disclosed as pretty a little picture as one would care to see-a

marble topped table, covered with literspiration for the senatorial imagination. There was even a lemon and in a convenient pigeon hole a bowl of sugar, with a solid silver spoon in it. "All

SIMPLY TO LOOK AT. the gift of an admiring constituent of the senator." said the clerk of the committee, "but the senator never touches it. We keep it here simply because it looks nice, just as any other picture helps to lighten up ence of Ingalls a room." But I never yet knew the clerk of a congressional committee who would not lie like a pirate for the benefit of his boss. There are some advantages, after all, in being a statesman.

WALTER WELLMAN.

When will the day come in which women can wear the beautiful costume described in the following newspaper lipping: "Lady Florence Dixie, the well own London advocate of dress reform, wears indoors a white flannel blouse or shirt with tartan kilts just covering the knees and long tartan hose. Her shoes have silver buckles and her bodice is a losse shooting jacket. Her hair is short and wavy and full of threads of gold, her complexion fresh and brilliant, and her features pleasing. Every one knows she rides a cross saddle in short divided skirt partially covering high riding boots.

You remember that Mrs. Leyburn, in "Rebert Elsmere," thought it "unlady-like to be too cheerful," but however a silly world may regard it, cheerfulness is the sunshine of the homely, humdrum life which most of us have to lead, and where it does not exist there are apt to be illness and ugliness and alienated aftections and general misery.

### Medical Prevarication.

"You can't imagine what a prevariester I have become since I have been in the hospital," said a pretty girl, a nurse at one of the local hospitals. "The doctors tell me I must deceive the patients sometimes, and I have to obey their orders whether I want to or not. But my conscience doesn't hurt me especially. I am asked many times a day by sick people here questions that I must not answer truthfully. For instance, one will inquire: 'How do I look?' 'Is my face much wasted? 'Am I very feverish? 'Am I very sick?' Of course I have to say all I can to encourage the patient, telling him sometimes that he is doing very well or looks much improved when he is in fact very near death. I think the recording angel will blot out with a tear these marks against me,"-ExA FANCY QUAINT.

I sometimes wish it were really so, As the Raidba devoit declares, That the soul at will could easily go From its fleshy sheath unawares Fleety as we wander in a dream.

Softly as from buds the roses bloom, Or as lightly as a golden beam Fitte m and out a darkened room. Then float above this earth world. As the counts in the blue o'erhead, With the spirit's wings unfurled, Wandering as the impulse led.

If this fancy quaint were really so, As the Buddin devout declares, Couldn't you tell where first I would go. And steal upon whom unawares Swiftly as moonlight creeps on the tide. Lightly as perfume floats thro' the air, I'd watt myself, dear love, to your side, Kissing away all traces of care. Kissing away an traces of care.
Then float shove this earth world?
Perhaps? I cannot know nor say;
When round you my spirit furfed,
I might forfeit this life to stay.

—New York Herald.

### MY PRIZE PICTURE.

I was young and susceptible, and I was also an amateur photographer. My dark room was the envy of all my friends, and my work had received the club prizes for artistic merit more than However, as they were nothing

more than printed slips of paper, these

prizes were mere empty honors. But now I had decided to enter a competition that was worthy of the name, and where the first prize-which I felt sure that I could win-was a check of dazzling dimensions to a youth whose this occasion went up to Sanders, seized | modest income was drawn alarmingly low by the constant sacrifices demanded by the all devouring camera god, which I had set up in the place of Larss and Penntes.

This summer I had had no holiday at all, for two days before I was to start for Lenex-where on the last of June I was to have been best man to my old chum Fred-I was laid on my back, fast in the clutches of pneumonia, and though more than two months had passed since then, I was only just out of the doctor's hands. I still felt shaky, and acquaintances were continually stopping me in the street to tell me how badly I looked.

It was now the middle of September, and just the time for a flying trip in search of the picturesque, so I laid in a good supply of rapid plates, packed my traps, and started off to find my prize

It proved a pleasant jaunt, and I changed my plans to suit those of the friends I often fell in with on the way; for although my camera was company enough in pleasant weather, it was not disagreeable to have friends to talk to on cloudy days, or a pretty girl to dance and flirt with during the long evenings.

I took many a delightful tramp o'er hill and dale in search of the prize picture which I was sure that I should come across some day. I have always leaned toward a belief in fate, and "Kismet" is the motto engraved upon my seal. Several dozen of my rapid Cramer

had been used already, and I was well pleased with my collection of river views and mountains, cattle pictures and old farmhouses with quaint interiors-to be developed when I should return to town. One bright morning, when I was far up in the valley of the Naugatuck, I

wandered into fairyland by chance. I had left the high road and struck through the woods, not knowing whither the path would lead me, and at last I came out, upon a level tract between the hilly woodland and the river, which was fringed with fine old trees.

A dazzling mass of bloom was spread before me, clumps of feathery white blossoms and plumes of vivid goldenrod were nodding in the breeze, and underfoot the ground was carpeted with every shade of aster, from richest purple to the most delicate tints of lilac and rose. In this secluded spot Dame Nature had strewn her treasures with a lavish hand.

No photagraph could eatch all its elusive beauty, yet I wanted one for a souvenir, and I proceeded to set up my camera. It made a charming bit upon the ground glass, with the level, flowery foreground and the old gnarled oak in the middle distance, while beneath its widespread branches the rippling river showed its rare lights and shadows. It struck me as just the setting for a picture of some fair maiden; but alas! where

could I find her in this solituder I buried my head under the dark cloth, intent upon the focus; but when I came out into the sunshine again what vision of loveliness did I see approaching? I saw a maiden whose perfect figure was clad in soft, white drapery, and her hands were full of wild flowers and crimson sumach leaves. She stooped, from time to time, to pick the tall, white asters that seemed to bend their flower laden sprays out toward her hand. and then continued her way, slowly and graciously, and all unconscious of the eager, waiting amateur.

In went the plate holder and out came the slide. A breathless moment of suspense, and then she stood just where I would have placed her. Her position was one of perfect grace. Pausing, she had turned slightly and bent to plack a flower, looking up and past me with a bewildering smile.

I pressed the bulb, the shutter snapped, and with a feeling of triumph I knew that the prize picture was minebeyond recall!

When I got back to the inn where I was stopping I found a telegram recalling me to town. The summons did not disconcert me in the least, for my short holiday had proved an eminent success. In health I felt like a different man, and I was exultant over my stolen picture. Some days passed before I had leisure to develop the plate, but then I found I had indeed a prize, for it proved the best negative in every way among my

entire collection. Before I went down town the next morning I hastily printed a proof, which I looked at with increasing rapture several times during the day.

What a perfect pose that girl had unconsciously taken, and how very beautiful she was! I had only thought of her before as a "good subject," but now I could not get her levely face and graceful figure out of my mind. Who was she, and did she live in that quiet town among the hills, or had she been a stranger like myself? How could I find out, and where could I see her again? for see her I felt I must.

It is a strange confession to make, but before twenty-four hours were over I was desperately in love with the unknown original of my prize. That we should meet again some day I had not

the slightest doubt. Kismet! But after all would it be right to has been the gastronomic fashion in the send this picture—her picture—into the south for years and years, but is not, they competition to be criticised, admired say, appreciated "up north" as it should be

freely, passed from hand to hand, then reproduced and sent broadcast over the length and breadth of the whole coun-

Why not, when this might be the very means of bringing us together? And then I thought how I should persuade her that my wish to find her out had overcome all scruples, and that with the seeming liberty which I had taken I had shown myself ready to surrender myself her prisoner and await her sentencefor life or death!

I could hardly wait for Saturday afternoon to come, and was in a fever until the few clouds of the morning had disappeared and left me the golden sunshine needed to print the prize picture. I watched the first print with breathless attention, lest it should be too dark or a shade too light. And when it seemed exactly right I removed it carefully and put it in a dark place, and laid another piece of free ty fumed paper upon the

out again on my window sill and began to fuss with another negative. How it happened I never knew, but there was a crash-and when I turned to the window the printing frame was

negative. Then I put the printing frame

I picked it up on the sidewalk-forty feet below-with my precious negative

shivered into a thousand pieces. All my hopes now centered on the one print which fortunately I had secured And oh, the agony of anxiety that I went through in the toning, mounting and

burnishing of that one priceless print! But it was safely finished at last and perfect in every way-beautiful, artistic, beyond question the best piece of photographic work that I had ever done.

So, in spite of the irreparable loss of STANDARD. the negative, I felt almost happy, for with this I would surely accomplish my double purpose. It could not fail to win the prize-a small tribute to pay to my unknown darling's beauty. would also be the means of bringing us face to face. For the picture must certainly find its way into the hands of some of her family or friends, and she would hear of it, see it, be a little indignant perhaps. But her father or brother or guardian would be certain to resent the supposed liberty, and might even write to the successful amateur to take him to task for his presumption; that was my most ardent desire-the very clew I wanted. Once I knew where to find her, and then I could manage all the heated air, costly fans waved slowly to and

I was radiant with satisfaction, and was now only keeping the finished picture until I should have a chance to take a copy of it for myself; for I could not make up my mind to part with it altogether until I had found the original.

I was coming up town the next after noon, my mind full of the beauty and winsome grace of my fair unknown, when I ran across my old chum Fred. It was the first time I had seen him since his marriage, and we each had

"I want you to meet my wife, Tom; I know you'll like each other. She was The wide hats, with their wealth of tropas disappointed as I was that your ill- ical bird foliage, hid everything he wanted ness kept you from coming to our wed- to see from view. In vain he wriggled and ding. Are you all right again now? You look well. Can't you drop in upon us to-night? We are stopping at the gether and too cichly uphoistered. Buckingham until our house is ready."

"I shall be most happy to," I answered. And accordingly I presented myself front of him into unpleasant prominence, that evening at the door of their private he persevered till sounds of ill suppressed

arranging as I entered, turned and came forward smiling and with outstretched I staggered backward—I believe I in the middle. "Mndam," he said, in a loud whisper, "I should have fallen if Fred had not beg pardon, but it is utterly impossible for caught me by the arm-for the beauti- me to see through your hat, and the Lord

ful unknown in my prize picture with made me too small to see over it. If you whom I had fallen so desperately in will kindly remove it you will make a love was no other than Fred's wife! "What is the matter? You are ill!" she cried, while she hastily brought me a

glass of wine. "It is nothing-nothing, I stammered.

beg your pardon for being such a fool." I stayed long enough to remove the feeling of embarrassment that naturally followed after this awkward scene.

When at last I got back to my room I looked at my picture engerly. The same, beyond the shadow of a doubt. And beyond the simdow of a doubt. And are given in full for the purpose of exten I began to realize the full extent of plaining to those who witnessed it that the my double loss. Impossible to continue my adoration of the fair unknownsince now I knew her to be the wife of his wife, and the other two were his sismy friend, and impossible to send the stolen picture of another man's wife into a public competition.

I turned the picture to the wall, and sat for a long time lost in thought. Then
I seized a pen and wrote:

Wer. The private chapel at Windsor castle
Will be used for the wedding ceremony. I seized a pen and wrote:

DEAN FRED.—Truth is stranger than fiction. With this I send you the photograph of a fair stranger who delinerately and unconsciously walked into my picture when I was off on a photographing my pacture when I was off on a photographing trip two weeks ago. This will also explain my peculiar collapse this evening. It takes a smaller thing than such a quier coincidence to upset a fellow when he is still below par. I know you will prize the picture for it is the only one in existence, and the negative unfortunately is broken. With respectful remembrances to your wife, your old friend.

As I sealed my note the word "Kismet" gleamed mockingly up from the dark wax. I tied up the photograph and sent it off by a messenger before I had time to reconsider my decision

"Good-by to my dreams-and to my prize picture," I said sadly, as the messenger pursued his way down the dark and silent street.

It was gone, and already I repented of my haste. Then, as a sudden thought struck me, I exclaimed: "By Jove, if I can find it I'll tone the

proof!"-Frank Leslie's Weekly.

Twenty-five years ago Emile Zola was a clerk in a book store on the Houlevard S Germain on eighty frames a month. Today he is a millionaire. No living French writer has amassed more money than he

from the products of his pen. MORSELS OF GASTRONOMY.

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Bacon and watercresses, with a peached

egg, is the breakfast of local anglomaniacs. who believe the report to be true that this is the Prince of Wales' first meal of the day. Around the roast turkey should be a row

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between the orchestra and the front sents of the parquet circle were three ladies who had come in unattended about five minutes before. They were noticeable for the wide, flaring, umbrageous hats they wore. Directly behind them sat a nervous look ing, despairing man, who was making wild but fruitless efforts to see the stage, squirmed and craned his neck from side to side. The hats were too large, too close to

Apparently unconscious that he was atmeighborhood and bringing the ladies in laughter were heard on all sides of him. Fred welcomed me cordially, and his Then he settled himself back in his chair young wife dropped the roses she was with a world weary sigh, but the next moment took advantage of a bull in the per-formance on the stage to lean forward and address one of the ladies-the one who sat

wretched man happy for a whole evening. The forty or fifty persons who were look ing on saw the lady remove her hat at once, turn round and smilingly beg his pardon. They saw the other two ladies take off their hats also, and the example "I believe I'm not yet quite strong. I became instantly contagions. Ten or a

dozen other enormous, bats came off with-The wine restored me somewhat, and in the next half minute, much to the relief of the sufferers directly behind them Then the star of the evening stepped on the stace and the attention of the audience was attracted to the performance The details of this pleasing little incident

The lady whom that man addressed was ters.-Chleago Tribune.

The Princess Louise, daughter of Princess Christian, will be married to Prince Aribert of Anhalt during the coming sum

A Count with a Mighty Arm.

There are stories of strong men who did not appear in public. A butcher lived in South Holland who killed calves bur by beating it with his right hand leather bandage, bending it afterward where and sit down straight again by beating it the other way.-Chambers' Journal

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Read and Advertise in Our Want Column.

Couldn't Go On Without Him. A policeman at the Polk street station yesterday morning walked up to a young man whom he had observed hurrying to and fro in a feverish way for an hour or

more, and said: "My friend, what is the trouble? Is there anything I can do for you?" "Do for me? Je-roos lum! No! Not un-less you can bring back that 8:25 train.

I'll bet a thousand dollars it left shead of "Can't you go on another train?" "Certainly. That's what I'm waiting for. But it doesn't leave till 3:30 this afternoon, and won't get to where I'm go-

ing till about midnight, and that won't do "If it's anything important can't you send a telegram?"
"Send a telegram? I've sent half a dozen already. The fact is I'm on my way to a wedding to take place at 7 o'clock this

rening. I've got some presents for the "Well," said the policeman, "the case isn't so bad. You can deliver the presents the next morning. The wedding will be

over, of course, but" "Wedding over! Jumpin' Jupiter! It won't be over! That's the trouble Why not?"

"Because it can't come off unless I'm on and. I've got to be there. I'm the man by stranging them. A Dutch count, in that's going to be married. Policeman, a private entertainment, bent an iron you mean well, but you can't pour any of the oil of joy into this wounded bosom against his left arm, protected by a I'll feel obliged if you'll go away some

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



Four women, all told The first told how much easier it was to wash with Pearline.

She saved half her labor, and the work was better done. The second told how much longer the clothes lasted, since she'd used Pearline. The rubbing that wore them out wasn't

The next told how many things she did with it; she washed the kitchen floor, or the finest china-the most delicate lace, or the coarsest fabric. Whatever she did with it. she saved money by it.

The fourth told of the harmlessness of Pearline. She had used it for ten years, and she knew nothing that was washable could be hurt by it. These are only four out of millions who use Pearline, but

the others say the same things and more. Try it yourself:

then you can tell about it. Beware and some nescrapations grocers will tell you "this is Tards at Wichita, Mayfield, Wolling to place of Pearline is never peddied, and if your proces sends you something in place of Pearline of this becent thing—confit face. He JANES PYLE, New York, Haven.

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